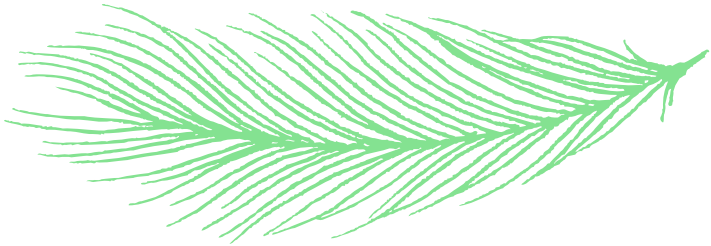
MY GOLDEN MOMENTS OF DEVOTION

In the Shelter of the Satguru

Sham Sunder Rehlon



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These writings are the outcome of decades of study of spiritual scriptures and texts from various traditions, including Vedic, Upanishadic, Santmat, Sufism, Radhasoami, Shri Paramhans Advait Mat, Vedanta, and teachings of enlightened masters such as J. Krishnamurti, Osho, and select Western authors whose works resonate with the Eternal Law of Righteousness (*Sanatan Dharma*).

Many of these reflections were first prepared and delivered by the author during satsangs for seekers of Shri Paramhans Advait Mat and shared through the WhatsApp groups *Dhyan Ka Deepak*, *Naam Ka Deepak*, and *Naam Ka Deepak–Antardhwani*, as part of 40-Day Meditation Training Festivals since 2023.

With the assistance of AI technology (ChatGPT by OpenAI and Microsoft Copilot), these writings have now been classified and refined into book form, intended to be **shared freely with all seekers**. In keeping with the spiritual injunction that true knowledge is never to be sold, these books are offered **completely free of cost**, as a humble service to humanity.

Disclaimer

This book is a work of spiritual reflection and personal insight, drawn from multiple scriptures and teachings, and interpreted in simple, modern language.

It is not intended to replace original scriptures or to serve as authoritative advice on theological, medical, or legal matters. References to specific religious texts or teachings are made with respect for all traditions.

While AI tools assisted in organizing and refining the text, the authorship and responsibility of this work remain solely with **Sham Sunder Rehlon**. Readers are encouraged to study original texts and consult spiritual guides for deeper understanding.

This book is freely distributed for spiritual awareness and personal education. **No part of this work may be sold or commercially exploited.**

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Dedication

With folded hands and a heart overflowing with gratitude,

This work is humbly dedicated to **all the Great Spiritual Masters of Shri Paramhans Advait Mat**, who, through their boundless compassion, have kept alive the sacred flame of Naam and Shabd from age to age, guiding countless souls toward the Eternal Light.

May their radiant grace illumine the path of every seeker and may this humble offering serve as a step toward deeper understanding, inner awakening, and the supreme union with the Divine.

With folded hands and a heart filled with humility, I bow in gratitude to the eternal grace of the Great Saints of Shri Paramhans Advait Mat. It is only through their boundless compassion and unbroken lineage of light that I have been blessed to walk on the path of true bhakti and to taste the sweetness of the Divine Naam. Their teachings have been the lamp that dispelled my ignorance and the bridge that carried me toward the Eternal Truth.

I offer my heartfelt acknowledgement to Bhagat Shri Rajesh Kumar Basandhi Ji, whose encouragement and trust became a turning point in my spiritual journey. His inspiration guided me toward deeper seva and closer companionship with the saints.

With equal gratitude, I acknowledge my beloved wife, Sunita, whose gentle inspiration has been a constant support. She has encouraged me to sing bhajans, to speak in satsangs, and to

share reflections with Gurumukhs through *Dhyan Ka Deepak* and *Naam Ka Deepak*. Truly, her companionship has been a sacred gift, strengthening my devotion and service at every step.

Above all, I recognise that nothing is mine; everything is the grace of the Saints and the Master. To Them, I bow in reverence.

This humble work is not the story of one life, but the fragrance of countless blessings that have descended by the grace of the Saints and the Master. Whatever has been written here is not born of personal merit or intellect, but of that silent current of compassion which flows through the lineage of Shri Paramhans Advait Mat.

In my journey, I have discovered that true bhakti is not bound to rituals, places, or forms. It is the awakening of the heart to the Eternal Naam, the surrender of the mind to the Will of the Master, and the gentle flowering of remembrance in every breath. The Masters, through their infinite kindness, have shown that the path is not distant—it lies within us, as light waiting to be uncovered.

These reflections are offered not as teachings, but as humble sharings—moments of grace that illumined my way. If they inspire even one

seeker to turn inward, to remember the Naam, or to deepen their faith in the Saints, then this offering has served its purpose.

With bowed head and folded hands, I place this work at the Lotus Feet of the Saints and the Master. May their radiance guide every seeker, and may the light of devotion shine ever brighter in all hearts.

1. Blessings of Shiva

My spiritual journey did not begin in an ashram; it began at home—through my mother. She was an ardent devotee of the Third Spiritual Master, a living embodiment of love and surrender. Each day, she offered food first to Him, recited His Name with unwavering faith, and sang His glory in a voice that carried both prayer and power.

As a child, I did not fully understand her devotion, but I felt its fragrance. It was as though she was silently sowing seeds in my heart, which would one day bloom into a life of bhakti.

My early years were filled with hardships—financial struggles, family trials, and the weight of worldly battles. Yet, beneath these struggles flowed an unseen current of grace—perhaps my mother's prayers were building a bridge of light for my future. Though I did not know it then,

the Master was already guiding me, waiting for the right moment to reveal Himself.

On the sacred day of **Kartik Sankranti, 19 November 2002**, under the guidance of **Bai Anant Roshan Anand Ji** and **Bai Shabd Santosh Anand Ji**, I received initiation into the Holy Naam.

It was as though a veil was lifted, revealing a light I had been searching for across lifetimes. Yet, even in this new dawn of devotion, an old longing stirred within me—the love for Shiva.

Despite the bliss of Naam and the grace of the Master, my mind carried a subtle doubt:

"Have I left Shiva behind? Am I missing Him by walking this path?"

This question began to surface repeatedly. My heart was split—one part surrendered to the Master, the other still yearning for the ancient image of Shiva.

One night, as I lay with this thought, the Fifth Spiritual Master appeared to me in a dream—

not merely as a figure of flesh and blood, but as a presence radiant and infinite, in the form of Shiva, the same Ganga flowing from the white handkerchief adorning His Head.

With a gentle smile, He asked:**“Koi shuk hai?”** (Do you have a doubt?)

I bowed and confessed my heart: *"Master, I feel as though I may be missing Shiva. Is He separate from this path?"*

The Master’s eyes shone with a light beyond human measure as He spoke:

"Shiva is not separate from Naam. Shiva is not outside you—He is the very Consciousness awakened by Naam. He is the silence behind your thoughts, the stillness within your breath, the light that guides your soul inward. Walk this path with love, and you will realise that Shiva was never lost—He was waiting for you here."

When I awoke, my heart was lighter than ever before. The doubt dissolved like mist in the morning sun. I understood—Shiva and the

Master are One, guiding me through different forms toward the same eternal Truth.

From that day onward, seva became deeper, richer. I served at **Shiv Mandir, Chandigarh**, moved to **Kajheri Ashram**, and later dedicated myself to **Maa Jagdamba Sewa Mandal**, even leading the construction of a small mandir. But I knew—true worship was no longer in bricks and rituals; it was in surrender.

The day I first beheld the Fifth Spiritual Master at **Shri Anandpur**, it felt as though the universe had paused its breath. The ashram courtyard shimmered under the soft light of dawn, yet a far brighter radiance filled the air—the radiance of His presence.

As I entered the hall, my eyes met His—not by chance, but by destiny. They were not ordinary eyes; they were deep pools of compassion, glowing with a light that seemed to pierce through lifetimes of darkness. I felt as though my very soul was being seen, known, and embraced.

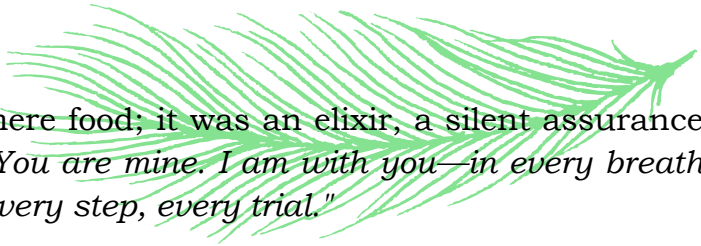
In that single glance, the long journey of my doubts, fears, and confusions melted away. I was no longer a mere devotee; I had become a child at the feet of the Eternal Father.

If Shri Anandpur was the awakening, **Shri Prayagdham** was the culmination of love. It was there, in that sacred abode, that the Master bestowed upon me a blessing so divine that words tremble to hold it.

The satsang hall was filled with fragrance—incense, flowers, and something more—something celestial. I was standing near the dais, watching Him distribute prasad to a few fortunate souls, when suddenly, His gaze fell upon me.

With a gesture both tender and commanding, He called me closer. In His hand were **pakoras**—simple in appearance, yet luminous in my eyes. As He placed them into my palms, it felt as though molten bliss had descended from the heavens.

The warmth of His touch lingered long after the prasad had dissolved in my mouth. It was not



mere food; it was an elixir, a silent assurance: *"You are mine. I am with you—in every breath, every step, every trial."*

These moments did not just happen; they transformed me. The darshan at Anandpur removed the veils of ignorance, and the pakoras at Prayagdham sealed my heart in unwavering faith.

I understood then—Guru's grace does not descend because we are worthy; it descends because He chooses to love us beyond measure.

Looking back, I see the golden thread clearly: a mother's ceaseless devotion, an early life of struggles that softened my heart, the blessing of Holy Naam, the Master's appearance in my dream to answer my deepest doubt, and His darshan that sealed my faith forever.

Many seekers wait lifetimes for such grace. I received it within months of initiation. Truly, the Master had not only removed my doubt but gifted me a life drenched in divine assurance.

2. The Living Presence of the Divine

For years, I searched for the Divine in forms, images, and symbols. I saw Shri Krishna through the eyes of others—painted on temple walls, adorned in ornaments, playing His flute in enactments on television and social media. Beautiful as these portrayals were, something was missing. The music was sweet, the colours enchanting, yet a subtle emptiness remained—an ache for the living presence that no image could satisfy.

The same was true with Lord Shiva. Though I served Shiv Mandirs with devotion for over two decades, bowing before His idol and hearing the rhythmic beat of the damroo echo in my mind, I could never see the Ganga cascading from His matted locks as described in the scriptures. The symbols inspired me, but they remained distant—like glimpses of a dream that vanishes with waking.

Mahatma Buddha drew me close in yet another way. Whenever I saw His serene posture, carved in stone or cast in metal, a wave of soothing peace touched my heart. His closed eyes seemed to whisper silence, and His tranquil smile hinted at an inner world where all restlessness fades. Yet even here, a longing stirred deep within—a yearning to be in His living company, to feel the stillness of His presence around me.

And then, grace descended. My Ishtadeva, Shri Shri 108 Shri Pancham Patshahi Ji Maharaj, entered my life—not as a distant image but as a living embodiment of all I had longed for. In His presence, I saw Shiva, I saw Krishna, I saw Buddha, and I saw Vishnu, each not as separate deities but as one light shining through different forms.

When I stood before Him, I could hear the flute of Krishna—not played by any musician, but resounding from the depth of His being. I could feel the beat of Shiva's damroo—not as a sound from outside, but as a rhythm awakening my inner silence. In His serene posture, clad in

white robes and adorned with garlands of fragrant roses, I saw the meditative grace of Buddha—a stillness that drew my mind inward. And when He rose to walk, the majesty of Vishnu seemed to move through the hall—resplendent, timeless, and filled with a beauty that belonged to no earthly realm.

In that moment of darshan, the longing of years dissolved. What I had sought in images, symbols, and idols, I found in the living company of my Master. Not only did I see; I heard, I felt, and I knew. The Divine was no longer a distant ideal—it was here, breathing, moving, blessing, guiding—through the living grace of my Ishtadeva.

3. A Bridge of Grace

In the gentle unfolding of my spiritual journey, there were moments that did not simply pass; they stayed, glimmering like beads on a thread of light. Among these, two sacred souls stand out — Bhagat Rajesh Kumar Basandhi Ji and Premi Mahatma Ji. Their presence, each unique yet deeply connected to the Master, opened before me a path of service that I had never imagined for myself.

Bhagat Basandhi Ji was no ordinary bhagat. His eyes carried the shine of unwavering faith, and his words reflected a deep-seated reverence for the Mission. He had the rare gift of seeing potential in others, often before they could see it in themselves. When he looked at me, it felt as though he was looking past my limitations and glimpsing the small spark of devotion that had yet to find its rightful expression. It was through his encouragement and trust that my steps were guided towards seva in ways I had not thought possible.

Premi Mahatma Ji, on the other hand, was like a mirror reflecting the Master's grace. His very presence softened the heart and stilled the mind. There was a sweetness in his speech, a humility in his bearing, and a quiet radiance around him that made one feel closer to the Divine simply by being near him. Seeing him was not like seeing a saint; it was like seeing love itself, clothed in human form.

One morning remains etched in my heart — the day Premi Mahatma Ji visited Bhagat Basandhi Ji's home. As the celestial entourage arrived, the atmosphere seemed to change, as if the air itself had become fragrant with devotion. At the gate stood an elderly lady, the mother of Bhagat Basandhi Ji, whose faith stretched back to the days of the Third Spiritual Master. With trembling hands and eyes moist with joy, she welcomed Premi Mahatma Ji, garlanding him as though she were garlanding the Lord Himself. It was a moment that felt timeless, sacred — like Shabri offering her berries to Lord Ram, her devotion was all that mattered, and grace descended gently upon that household.

But Bhagat Basandhi Ji's grace in my life did not end there. In the days that followed, he quietly paved the way for one of the most significant chapters of my journey — the creation of the Legal Cell at Shri Anandpur Ashram. It was a time when the Master foresaw the need for greater safeguards to protect the sanctity of the Mission. And it was Bhagat Basandhi Ji, with his knowledge and faith, who became the instrument to bring this vision into reality.

In his generosity, he offered me the opportunity to serve in this sacred initiative. At first, I thought I would assist in a small way, perhaps with documentation or simple administrative work. But soon, by the Master's will, my role was defined differently — not as an assistant, but as an Advisor to the Legal Cell. When I humbly expressed my lack of formal legal training, the response I received was not from human lips but from divine assurance: "This is the wish of the Master." I could only bow my head and accept, knowing it was not my merit but His grace that had placed me there.

From that day, my seva took on a deeper dimension. It was no longer confined to physical service or small duties; it now became a calling to serve Dharma itself, guided by the unseen hand of the Master, the quiet encouragement of Bhagat Basandhi Ji, and the inspiration drawn from the serene presence of Premi Mahatma Ji. Together, they formed a bridge of grace — leading me gently from where I stood to where I was meant to serve.

Looking back, I see clearly that this chapter of my life was not about roles or responsibilities. It was about trust — the trust of the Master, expressed through His bhagats; the trust of those who believed I could walk this path; and the trust that grace would carry me where my own strength could not. And indeed, it did.

4. A Radiant Messenger of the Fifth Spiritual Master

Not everyone in life is blessed to sit in the company of saints, let alone serve them so closely. Yet, by the boundless grace of my Fifth Spiritual Master, I was given this rarest of opportunities—to walk beside, host, and serve Param Pujniya Mahatma Shabad Prem Anand Ji, lovingly known as Premi Mahatma Ji.

Even today, when I look back, I wonder—*what punya from countless lifetimes brought me this fortune?* I had been initiated into the Holy Naam only in November 2002, and barely four years later, I found myself standing shoulder to shoulder with one of the most revered sevadars of Shri Paramhans Advait Mat, coordinating his visits, hosting him in my humble abode, and witnessing his divine radiance at close quarters.

Many disciples wait for decades to merely bow before such saints—some never even see them face to face. Yet here I was, a simple seeker, being drawn again and again into the orbit of this luminous soul.

It was a winter morning when the fragrance of divinity descended upon our region. Premi Mahatma Ji, the chief representative of the Fifth Spiritual Master, arrived for his first visit—a visit on 3rd December, 2006 that felt like a festival of light across Chandigarh, Zirakpur, and Panchkula.

I can still feel the tremor of joy that swept through the sangat when he stepped into Bhagat Rajesh Kumar Basandhi's home. The atmosphere was thick with reverence—tears in the eyes, folded hands, hearts pounding with gratitude. It felt as though a long-lost relative from the Eternal Home had come to awaken us.

The inauguration of the Zirakpur Ashram that day was no ordinary ceremony; it was as though invisible hands of the Spiritual Master Himself were weaving blessings into every brick. That evening, sitting in satsang, I felt a

flame being kindled within me—a knowing that life from this moment would never be the same.

Four years had passed, but the memory of the first darshan was still fresh in our hearts when word came—Premi Mahatma Ji was returning for a two-day Spiritual Journey on 15-16 May 2010.

Ashrams were cleaned and adorned like temples awaiting their deity. Homes glowed with devotion. And in the midst of all this, a personal grace unfolded. Mahatma Ji visited my under-construction house in Sector 67, Mohali, and with his gentle hands installed the sacred images of the Five Spiritual Masters.

Bricks turned into blessings. Walls became witnesses of grace. From that day onwards, my house was not merely a dwelling—it was a shrine, vibrating with unseen light.

By this time, I had learned one profound truth—*Premi Mahatma Ji carried the fragrance of the Fifth Spiritual Master in every word, every glance, every step.*

His third journey across Chandigarh and Anandpur Sahib on 24th February 2013 that day felt like a river of divine compassion flowing through the hearts of seekers. As I assisted Bhagat Rajesh Kumar Basandhi Ji in coordinating the tour, I realised that seva was not just an act—it was a form of silent worship, a way to polish one's soul.

When he blessed my home again, it felt as though time had stood still, and eternity had walked through my door.

The Fourth Visit – February 2024 - This visit carried a deeper, more tender glow. By now, circumstances had shifted; Premi Mahatma Ji radiated a serenity that surpassed all positions.

The sangat welcomed him not for what he held—but for what he was—a vessel of humility, steadfastness, and divine love. Once again, grace poured into my life as he inaugurated my new under-construction house in Sector 98, Mohali, turning it into yet another sacred sanctuary.

As he left, he blessed me with a divine invitation—to attend his Chola Divas at Kashipur Ashram. That blessing still lingers like an unending fragrance in my heart.

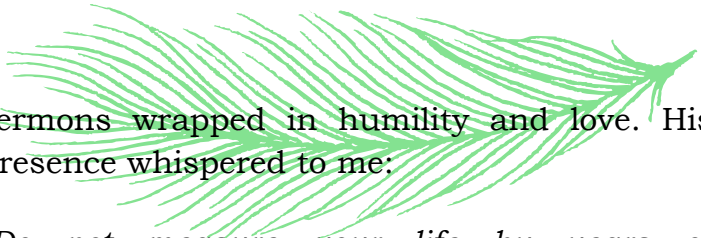
Often, I ask myself—*why me?* Out of countless disciples, why was I chosen for such close service? Many have never even seen Premi Mahatma Ji, yet I was allowed to host him, sit at his feet, and feel his presence transform my life.

Perhaps it was the silent prayer I whispered to the Fifth Spiritual Master after my initiation in November 2002:

"Keep me near those who reflect Your light, so that I may never forget Your presence."

Today, as I write these lines, I realise that these moments were not mine—they belonged to Grace. Grace that chose to flow through a humble servant, showing him glimpses of what true devotion looks like.

Premi Mahatma Ji's visits were not mere events—they were living Updesh, silent



sermons wrapped in humility and love. His presence whispered to me:

"Do not measure your life by years or possessions. Measure it by the moments when the Divine walked into your home."

And in those golden moments, I learned that the rarest of fortunes is not wealth, fame, or power—but the privilege to serve, silently, at the Lotus Feet of the Saints.

5. The Booklet of Light

Some blessings do not arrive like lightning striking the earth; they come like dawn – soft, slow, almost unnoticed – until the whole horizon turns to gold.

Between 2006 and 2015, my journey was not a flight through clouds of miracles; it was a pilgrimage of quiet footsteps along an invisible path. Each visit to the sacred ashrams – Shri Anandpur, Shri Prayagdham, Shri Sant Nagar – was like drinking from a secret spring, where longing tasted sweeter than fulfilment. Hours melted into the pages of the divine books of Shri Paramhans Advait Mat Publication Society. They were not books – they were *streams of Truth*, flowing from the Eternal Source into the waiting hollows of my soul.

Yet, despite all this reading, all the satsangs, all the darshans of saints – a strange incompleteness lingered. I stood at the doorstep of Truth, yet the door remained unopened. The

fragrance was near, the light was near, but still... the heart waited.

Then, as if by divine appointment, a quiet messenger entered my life – an elderly Bhagat Ji, frail in frame, robed in white, bearing the stillness of an old tree rooted deep in unseen soil. At first, he seemed aloof, but by grace, trust blossomed between us.

From his trembling hands, I received a rare and sacred gift – **the Sheesh Mahal Abhyas Pustika** – twenty divine sermons of the Third Spiritual Master, delivered to seekers in the Sheesh Mahal at Shri Anandpur Ashram.

This was not a booklet; it was a **lantern**. Its pages glowed with instructions on meditation, as if each word was dipped in the light of the Masters themselves. Questions I had never dared to articulate were answered in a language beyond thought – in the silent pulse of understanding.

I compiled both Hindi and English versions, typing them with love, adorning them with care

– as one polishes a crystal for the altar of the soul. And then… I began to practice.

Stillness no longer visited occasionally; it began to dwell. Clarity seeped into thought like moonlight into a dark room. Calmness wrapped itself around my being like a silken shawl.

Meditation became not an effort but a celebration. My wife too was drawn into its fragrance; together, we sat before the Invisible Presence – not seeking visions, but dissolving into silence.

Even as this inner life blossomed, my outer life stood quietly transformed. Years earlier, after serving in a high post with larger responsibilities and higher salary, I had returned to my parent office in Chandigarh – with lesser pay, lesser status. Yet, only weeks later, I received the gift of Holy Naam on 19th November 2002. What worldly title could outweigh eternity?

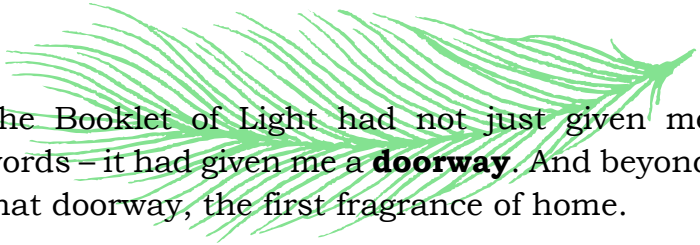
The new office became more than an office – it became a **monastery in disguise**. My desk was a shrine; my hours, offerings; my duties, forms

of seva. Administrative skills helped me complete tasks efficiently, leaving time for meditation and reflection. Colleagues noticed the shift – I was not merely an officer anymore; I was a seeker moving through stillness, carrying an unseen fragrance.

Back home in Mohali, grace carved another sanctuary. A small Mandir-cum-Meditation Room was built – designed as a replica of Shri Anandpur Ashram – adorned with images of all Five Spiritual Masters.

Here, amidst flickering lamps and whispers of Sumiran, I entered an inner dawn. It was not devotion alone; it was dissolution – the quiet melting of 'me' into something vast, luminous, eternal.

In the world's eyes, my status had decreased. In the soul's eyes, my stature had risen. I had traded outer recognition for inner radiance, outer privileges for eternal presence. What I gained was not measured in titles or salaries – it was measured in stillness, in the deepening gaze of my Master, in the joy of living from within.



The Booklet of Light had not just given me words – it had given me a **doorway**. And beyond that doorway, the first fragrance of home.

Between 2013 and 2015, the spiritual landscape of India was shaken by scandals involving false gurus. In the midst of this turbulence, the Fifth Spiritual Master envisioned a structured legal framework to safeguard the dignity and heritage of the ashrams.

Under His guidance, a **Legal Cell** was created—not as a mere administrative body, but as an instrument of dharma. Its purpose was to ensure transparency, lawful protection of trust properties, and adherence to the sacred Trust Deed, all while upholding the sanctity of Guru-Maryada.

One of the key initiatives was the **Enrollment Drive**. All Sadhus, Bhakats, and Bhakatanis were formally registered, issued identity cards, and signed declarations to honour discipline, avoid misuse of trust assets, and abide by both spiritual and legal codes.

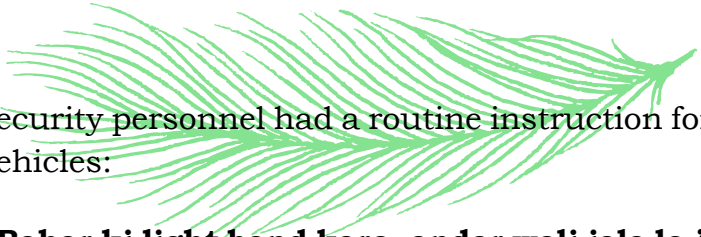
This task—stretching over four years—was not clerical work. It felt like weaving threads of devotion into the fabric of discipline, ensuring that every signature was a silent promise to the Guru.

Following this phase, the Master entrusted responsibility for the estates—properties that were not mere assets but sacred symbols of His grace. Their care demanded lawful diligence, but more than that, it required reverence—as if guarding a temple's inner sanctum.

Then came the day that would etch itself in my soul—**9th October 2017**. The Fifth Spiritual Master merged into the Eternal.

I had been in Shri Anandpur since 28th September, engaged in legal sewa. That afternoon, as I stood near the Ashram's gate, His vehicle departed through the opposite gate for a hospital in Mumbai. I missed His darshan by minutes. It broke my heart.

That night, I was on gate duty, serving as the Ashram's temporary Public Relations Officer, ensuring media protocols were observed. The



security personnel had a routine instruction for vehicles:

“Bahar ki light band karo, andar wali jala lo.”
(Turn off your outer lights, switch on your inner one.)

To others, it was a direction about headlights. To me, it was **the Master's final message**—whispered through destiny itself:

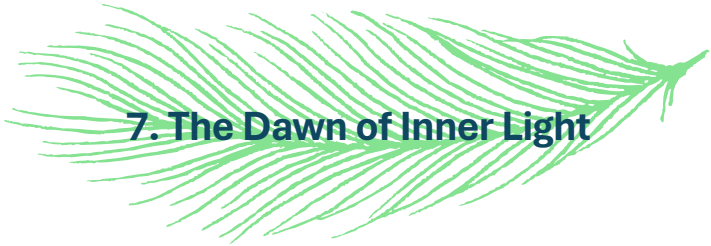
“Close your worldly eyes. Open the spiritual ones. The true light is within.”

In that moment, something within me shifted. The noise of legal battles, disputes, and outward activity suddenly felt meaningless. The Master's call was clear—**to turn inward, to let the inner flame guide all sewa henceforth**.

On **23rd October 2017**, I submitted my resignation as Adviser to the Legal Cell—not in retreat, but as a conscious return to silence, Naam, and inner service.

Looking back, I see the Master's silent guidance in every step— from establishing legal order to

receiving this final, luminous message. Service was never about documents or courts; it was about inner purification. And in the moment of His departure, the Master's silence spoke louder than any words: **“Live in harmony. Guard the sanctity of the Ashram. Let your inner light never go out.”**



7. The Dawn of Inner Light

The year 2020 came as a pause to the world, but for me it became the beginning of a deeper pilgrimage. When the stillness of the pandemic enclosed everything, I turned inward—reading scriptures, writing reflections, and singing bhajans with a devotion I had never known before. Each morning and evening became a small satsang, each line of a bhajan an intimate dialogue with the Beloved. Slowly, the seed of inner longing sprouted into words, melodies, and meditative insights. The lamp of Dhyan Ka Deepak began to glow, and with it came Naam Ka Deepak Utsav—a celebration of the eternal light within.

Then began a new phase of my life—the journeys to Australia. My first visit in 2022 was unlike anything I had ever experienced. It was not only a reunion with my sons and family; it was a moment of divine grace, for it coincided with the visit of Shri Shri 108 Shri Chhathi Patshahi Ji Maharaj Ji to Sydney. To meet Him

on foreign soil, to bow with my family at His Lotus Feet so far from Shri Anandpur, felt as if the sanctity of the Ashram itself had travelled across the seas. That first darshan sealed my heart in gratitude and left a fragrance that has never faded.

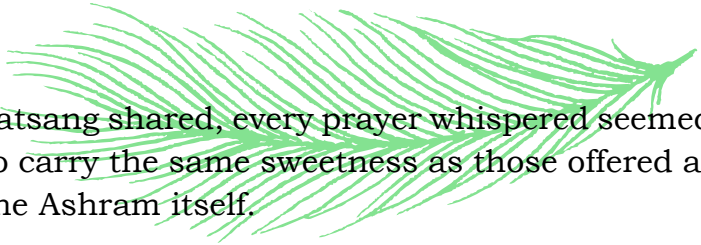
The second visit in 2023 deepened the spiritual current. This time, I carried with me the resolve to continue writing, reflecting, and sharing what little grace had been entrusted to me. Days were filled with study and satsangs, evenings with discussions on meditation and the deeper meaning of Naam. The blessings of the Master seemed to reach every corner of our family life, reminding me that seva and satsang are not bound to place—they blossom wherever remembrance resides.

The third visit in 2024 carried a still brighter glow. It was during this period that the early drafts of my spiritual writings took form. I began organizing the reflections that had accumulated over decades—satsangs delivered in small gatherings, notes from sacred texts, and insights born of meditation. It was here

that the first seeds of books such as *The Ganga Flows West* and *Naam – The Path Within* began to sprout. Sitting in quiet corners of Sydney, I often felt as if the Fifth Spiritual Master Himself was guiding my pen, word by word.

And then came the present visit—the fourth—commencing on 24th June 2025 and continuing to this very day. Unlike the earlier ones, this visit has been not just a pilgrimage of the heart but a pilgrimage of creation. In the quietude of Newcastle, I have been gathering all the scattered threads of my spiritual journey and weaving them into complete works—*Returning to Guru's Lotus Feet, Lamp of Meditation, Vibration*—each born of reflection, each carrying the fragrance of satsang and silence.

More than writing, this visit has been graced with the successful celebration of the Naam Ka Deepak – Antardhwani Utsav. Conducting it here, thousands of miles from Shri Anandpur, yet feeling as though the Master's presence filled the room, was a reminder that grace knows no geography. Every bhajan sung, every



satsang shared, every prayer whispered seemed to carry the same sweetness as those offered at the Ashram itself.

Looking back across these years, I see how the Master has turned each step into seva, each journey into an offering. What began with humble reading during the stillness of 2020 has now become a flowing river of reflection, song, and light. And as I sit here in Newcastle, penning these words, I know they are not mine. They are His—gifts of grace, strung together like beads, placed at His Lotus Feet in gratitude, humility, and love.

8. Audit Of My Life Till Today

This is not the end of my story, but only a reflection of life till today, under the light of my Guru Maharaj Ji's grace. My journey began in ordinary circumstances, yet with an extraordinary hunger for learning. Professionally I moved from private industry to government service, and alongside it I gave myself to voluntary service in charities and temples. In all these roles I tried to give beyond my strength, often at the cost of personal comfort and close relationships. Yet every duty taught me discipline, diligence, and humility.

The same zeal that made me excel also invited ego. Praise and recognition became temptations I did not always see. In Chandigarh and Mohali I served temples and communities with devotion, but I also welcomed approval; only later did I realize that subtle pride had entered. My Spiritual Master intervened with kindness, guiding me away from applause toward inner practice.

There were many tests: an ashram removed by authorities, legal battles that inflamed pride, and community projects that ended in conflict. Each episode humbled me and revealed hidden attachments. When my Master asked me to step back from outer roles and turn inward, I resisted. Promotions, honours, and a new home fed the same pattern: I could build outward forms but miss the inner work.

A decisive turning point came on 9th October 2017, the day my Master entered samādhi. A guard's simple words — **"Turn off the outer lights; light the inner ones"** — struck me like revelation. I resigned from posts to walk inward. Yet when my wife soon fell seriously ill, I wavered, returned to the Trust, and served again until 2021, facing more turmoil. Even after resigning as Advisor, I was given the task of settling property disputes, which carried its own chaos.

The pandemic of 2020 became another turning point. Stillness drove me to writing, singing, and deeper meditation. Solitude revealed the pattern of my wavering mind and the places I

still needed to surrender. Gradually public roles receded, and I embraced a quieter life.

Today I live simply, grateful for lessons and aware of my faults. I cannot bear indiscipline or misuse of trust; such chaos pulls at my heart. Now my prayer is to spend my remaining breaths in silent service, daily recitation, bhajan-bandagi, and meditation. If tested again, may I meet it with humility, not resistance.

My life has been a mirror of weakness and grace. Ego led me astray, yet my Guru's patience always brought me back. Whenever I mistook approval for spirituality, He showed me the truth within. Whatever I have achieved, lost, or written — all belongs to Him. May the rest of my days pass in remembrance, honesty, and surrender.

"O Beloved Guru Maharaj Ji, grant me the grace to serve silently and to practise daily. I am weak before Your tests and fear I will fail. Be merciful — spare me trials and accept me as I am."

9. Blossoming Through the Grace of the Satguru

Words fail me to express the blessings, whether I deserved them or not, that descended through the infinite compassion of the Fifth Spiritual Guru Maharaj Ji. With His grace, I have not only crossed the hurdles, struggles, and dilemmas of my life, but have also touched glimpses of the Real.

On the auspicious festival of **Guru Purnima in 2023**, I tried to express my gratitude toward all the Paramhansas of Shri Paramhans Advait Mat in general, and especially to **Shri Shri 108 Shri Pancham Patshahi Ji Maharaj**, through a bhajan. By His grace, this bhajan was sung in the presence of **Huzur Shri Guru Maharaj Ji, the Sixth Spiritual Guru**, when He was giving darshan to all the Gurumukhs in the sacred Darshan Hall at Shri Anandpur.

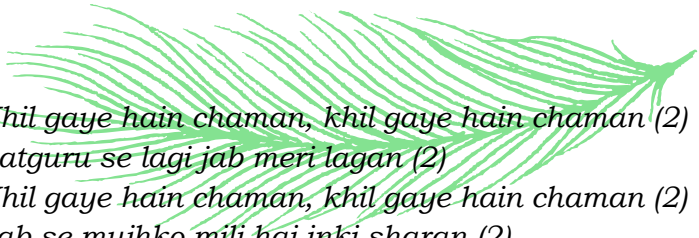
Bhajan

Satguru se lagi jab meri lagan (2)
Khil gaye hain chaman, khil gaye hain chaman (2)
Jab se mujhko mili hai inki sharan (2)
Mit gaye hain bharam, mit gaye hain bharam (2)
Satguru se lagi jab meri lagan (2)
Khil gaye hain chaman, khil gaye hain chaman (2)

Ae Satguru ji pyare sun lo arj,
Yeh daas na bhoole tera karz (2)
Tera karz, haan tera karz,
Jhukta hi rahun (2), karoon tujhko naman.
Khil gaye hain chaman, khil gaye hain chaman (2)
Satguru se lagi jab meri lagan (2)
Khil gaye hain chaman, khil gaye hain chaman (2)

Is daas ki ab koi ichchha nahin,
Rakhoge jahan main rahoonga wahin (2)
Haan rahoonga wahin, main rahoonga wahin,
Lipata hi rahoon (2), charanon se sanam.
Khil gaye hain chaman, khil gaye hain chaman (2)
Satguru se lagi jab meri lagan (2)
Khil gaye hain chaman, khil gaye hain chaman (2)

Is daas ki daata sun lo sada,
Charanon se apne na karna juda (2)
Na karna juda, na karna juda,
Teri seva ki badhti rahe yeh lagan.



Khil gaye hain chaman, khil gaye hain chaman (2)
Satguru se lagi jab meri lagan (2)
Khil gaye hain chaman, khil gaye hain chaman (2)
Jab se mujhko mili hai inki sharan (2)
Mit gaye hain bharam, mit gaye hain bharam (2)
Satguru se lagi jab meri lagan (2)
Khil gaye hain chaman, khil gaye hain chaman (2)

"Satguru se lagi jab meri lagan, khil gaye hain chaman." When my heart became attached to the Satguru, life began to blossom like a garden in spring. The barren deserts of doubt and despair turned into fragrant orchards of peace and joy. With the shelter of the Satguru, illusions that had shadowed me for lifetimes were dispelled, and light entered every corner of my being.

"Ae Satguru ji pyare sun lo arj, yeh daas na bhoole tera karz." O beloved Satguru, hear the humble prayer of this servant. I can never forget the immeasurable debt I owe to You. For every breath, every step, every blessing is because of Your grace. My only desire is to bow endlessly at Your Lotus Feet, offering my reverence and surrender.

"Is daas ki ab koi ichchha nahin, rakhoge jahan main rahoonga wahin." This servant has no desires left of his own. Wherever the Satguru keeps me, there I will happily remain. My only wish is to cling to His holy feet like a child clings to the mother, knowing that in His protection there is nothing more to seek, nothing more to fear.

"Is daas ki daata sun lo sada, charanon se apne na karna juda." O Giver of Grace, hear my eternal prayer: never separate me from Your Lotus Feet. Let my devotion to Your service only grow stronger day by day, until every thought, every word, every action becomes an offering at Your shrine.

Prayer

O Shri Guru Maharaj Ji, Fountain of Mercy and Compassion! May this humble servant always remain wrapped at Your Lotus Feet, with no wish other than to serve You and remember You. May Your grace guide every step of my life, and may this offering of bhajan and satsang bring even a drop of joy to Your eternal presence.

And to all my fellow Gurumukhs, I bow with folded hands and make a humble appeal: Let us honor the sacred commands of Shri Guru Maharaj Ji by living according to the **five means of bhakti** taught by the Paramhansas. Above all, let us never neglect the priceless jewels of **Naam Simran and Meditation**, practiced with discipline **two hours daily — once in the morning and once in the evening**.

Such devotion is not a burden but a blessing. It transforms our lives into gardens of bliss, removes doubts and darkness, and pleases the Saints who have carried the torch of Truth through the ages. By living this way, we do not only uplift ourselves — we honor the Paramhansas, fulfill the commands of the Master, and prepare the ground for His grace to blossom in every heart. May all seekers walk this path with sincerity, humility, and love. May our lives become fragrant gardens at the service of the Satguru.